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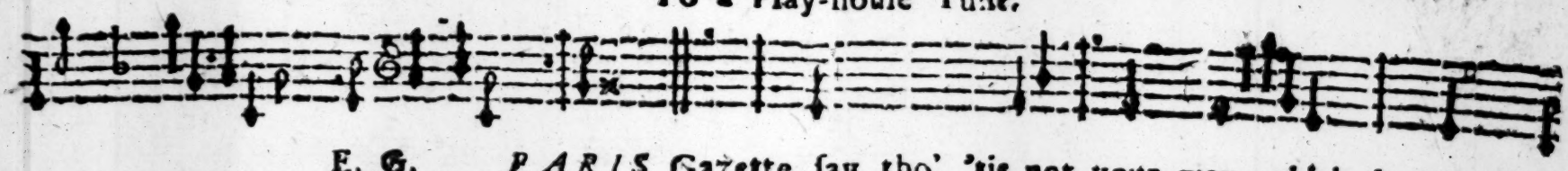
The Paris Gazeteer;

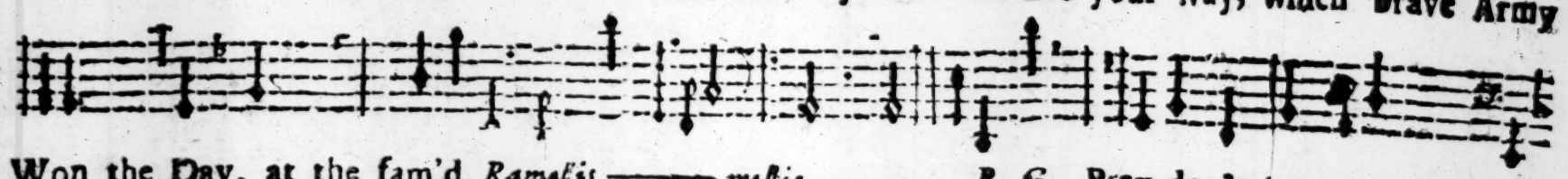
Or, a Dialogue between the

Engliſh and Paris Gazette.

To a Play-houſe Tune.

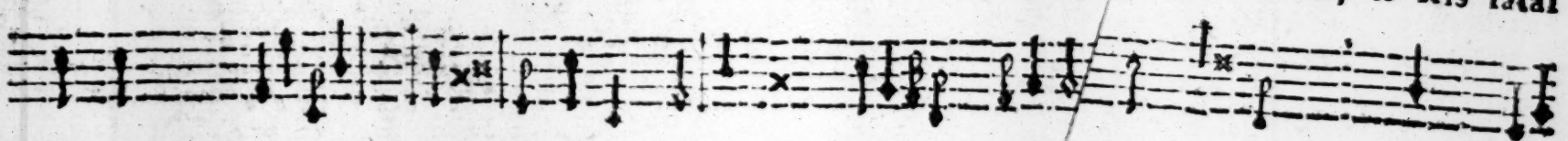


E. G. *PARIS* Gazette ſay tho' 'tis not your way, which brave Army



Won the Day, at the fam'd *Ramaſis,——mellis.* P. G. Pray don't Intreat nor Rpeat

the Fight was great, it will with wonder fill ye, Thunder Rowng from a far, is leſs fatal



then a War, when led by *Villeroy.*

Eng. Gaz. I thought the Arms of France,
Had more Complaiſance,
Then Ruffly to Queen Anns Advance
But I can't upbraid yee.

[4]

Par. Gaz Our Generals choſe, not to Oppoſe,
Nor make 'em foes.
Thar came from ſo fair a Lady,
We might have *Tallards* loſs repair'd,
for this once her Troops were ſpair'd,
By Courtly *Villeroy.*

[5]

E. G. I heard it was much worſe,
Towns were ta'ne by Force,
And believ'd it ſo of Courſe,
From the frequent Rumour.

[6]

P. G. Bruſſels and *Ghent* we did preſent,
A Complement to keep them in good hu-
We gave too *Antwerp* like a friend, (mour
But like Brutes they forc'd *Oſtend,*
From courtly *Villeroy.*

(7)

E. G. French-Man can'ſt thou Boaſt.
Of a Battle loſt,
which the Lives of Thouſands coſt:
Near the Plain of *Judoigne.*

[8]

P. G. Ah don't Oppreſs, I confeſs;
'twas no leſs, our Mighty *Monarchs* undone,
Tho' Name him I was loath,
your Great *Marlborough* Beat 'em both,
Talla and *Villeroy.*

[9)

E. G. Prithee tell me more,
Je ne ſprie Anchore,
wane Valley fill'd with Gore,
Tone Walls of *Lovain,*

[10]

P. G. Our Houſehold Brood firmly ſtood.
Drench'd in Blood,
But both our Generals Running,
Troops in the world were none ſo Great
only thoſe that lately Beat,
Tallard and *Villeroy.*

[11]

I. G. Anna has Decreed,
Slaves ſhall ſoon be Freed,
And inſulting Tyrants Bleed,
For their Uſurpations.

[12]

P. G. Harmonious Peace Crown Her Days,
With increaſe
The Pride of Every Nation,
All that own *Lewis le Grand,*
Is out done by Greater *Anne,*
Great *ANNE* and *Marlborough.*

FINIS.

Licenſed according to Order.

Printed for C. *Bates,* at the Sun and Bible in Guilt[illegible]